

JUNE-JULY 10¢

# ANIMAL COMICS

A DELL COMIC  
DELL  
A DELL COMIC

UNCLE WIGGILY

ALBERT & POGO

ROVER • JIGGER

ZOO ANIMAL PHOTOS



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# PHOTO ZOO

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The Giant Panda inhabits a very limited area of approximately 400 miles long and 75 miles wide in the western part of China. The Chinese call this black-and-white clown of the animal world, *pei-hsiung* or white bear. However, the Giant Panda is not a bear but belongs to the raccoon family. There are two Pandas, one is the well known large black-and-white Giant Panda and the other is the Common Panda or "Firecat." The latter bears very little resemblance to the Giant Panda, for it is somewhat reddish-brown in color, foxlike in appearance, and about the size of a small raccoon.

Apparently the Giant Panda was not seen alive by white man until 1916, and it wasn't until 1937 that the first live specimen was exhibited in this country. The Chinese government restricts the exportation of this rare animal.

All evidence seems to show that the panda is a strict vegetarian and in its native habitat its only food seems to be that of bamboo; mainly the twigs and leaves. In captivity it is fed bamboo, a mixture of corn-meal mush, honey, and pabulum.

Pandas love to climb and although their efforts appear clumsy, they are persistent, and finally, through constant effort and many comical twists and turns, they reach their intended destination much to the delight of onlookers. Striking color markings and comical antics have made the Giant Panda one of the most widely known and best loved animals in the world, where only a generation ago, no one had ever heard of this bear-like creature.

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# ROVER

SAY, MIKE ! THERE'S LAND NOW ! AND A GOOD THING FOR US !

THERE IS NOTHING WORSE THAN BEING OUT OF WATER AT SEA — AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO ROVER AND RED AND MIKE WITH HIS PUPPY FEARLESS.

I'LL CERTAINLY BE GLAD TO SEE THAT PIECE OF GROUND, MIKE ! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE I'LL TELL YOU !

BOY, AM I THIRSTY !

YES ! AND SO ARE THOSE POOR DOGS, MIKE — BUT WE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW IN ABOUT A HALF HOUR.

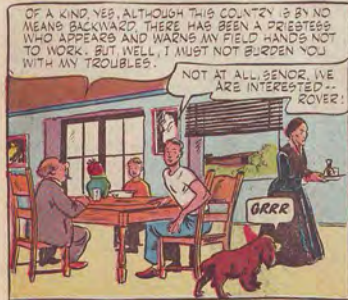
WE'LL SAIL RIGHT IN TO THE JETTY, MIKE THERE'S BOUND TO BE WATER NEARBY.

RED, THERE'S A MAN ON THE JETTY, HE'LL TELL US.

AH, GOOD MORNING, SENORS, WELCOME TO BUENA VISTA ISLAND — OR WHAT REMAINS OF IT.

GOOD MORNING, SIR, DO YOU HAVE ANY WATER WE MAY BUY.









RED! THERE'S THAT PRIESTESS AGAIN, WOW!



PRIESTESS NOTHING— THAT'S ROVER!— WAIT HERE, MIKE!



GOOD HEAVENS — ROVER!



ROVER, OLD BOY, SOMEBODY NEARLY HAD YOU THERE!— AND THAT NOOSE WAS THROWN BY SOMEBODY PRETTY ROTTEN!



I DON'T GET IT, RED— WHY WOULD ANYONE DO THAT TO A DOG?

I DON'T KNOW, MIKE, MAYBE WE'LL FIND OUT.

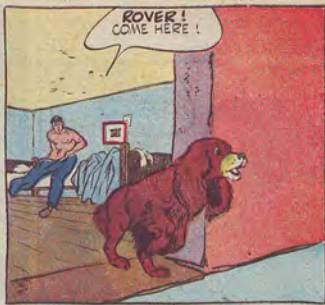


BUT DON ALFREDO DOES NOT FIND IT HARD TO IMAGINE AS HE TALKS TO HIS GUESTS THAT EVENING.

PREPOSTEROUS, SENOR! BUT THEN I KNOW WHO DOES THIS.







BETTER BRING YOUR LIGHT! WE'RE  
CLOSE TO SOMETHING - I THINK YOU'LL  
SEE YOUR PRIESTESS TONIGHT!

NAME OF  
GOODNESS!  
COULD IT BE  
POSSIBLE!



C'MON!  
THERE'S SOMEONE  
RIGHT AHEAD  
UP HERE, RUNNING!



SUDDENLY A FIGURE PLUNGES  
INTO THE BUSHES - WITH  
ROVER CLOSE BEHIND -



A KNIFE FLASHES IN  
THE MOONLIGHT AND  
RED THROWS HIMSELF  
ON THE SHADOW FORM.



BRING A LIGHT DON'ALFREDO!  
I THINK WE HAVE YOUR PRIESTESS  
AND DOG KILLER AT LAST.



ANTONIA!

JUST AS I  
THOUGHT, SIR!



BUT ANTONIA—WHY DID  
YOU DO THIS—TO ME—  
YOUR BENEFACTOR?

VERY WELL, FAT ONE—  
YOU HAVE CAUGHT ME  
WITH THIS— THIS ACCURSED  
DOG! THIS IS MY ISLAND—  
FOR LONG AGO MY PEOPLE  
OWNED IT UNTIL YOUR  
FAMILY TOOK IT FROM THEM.



AND BECAUSE IT BELONGS TO ME, I WOULD  
HAVE DRIVEN YOU INTO RUIN! EXCEPT FOR  
THAT **DOG!** THAT IS WHY I HAVE KILLED  
ALL DOGS THAT EVER CAME HERE, AND I  
WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM, TOO—PERHAPS  
TONIGHT.



BUT YOU, SENOR, CAME  
TOO QUICKLY AFTER THE  
DOG!

YOU ARE A  
TOUGH ONE,  
ANTONIA!



LATER IN THE  
HACIENDA--

SENOR— IT IS STILL  
DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE—  
I SHALL HAVE TO GET  
RID OF HER OF  
COURSE-- BUT  
ANTONIA!  
INCREDIBLE!

WELL, SIR, IT IS  
UNFORTUNATE  
AND YET A  
GOOD THING YOU  
FOUND ALL  
THIS OUT.



SENORS, I MUST TELL YOU  
HOW MUCH I OWE TO  
YOU FOR YOUR HELP TO  
ME— AND PARTICULARLY TO  
SENOR ROVER— HE IS A  
FINE DOG THAT ONE.

THANK YOU, DON  
ALFREDO— AND WE  
THINK ROVER'S ALL  
RIGHT OURSELVES,  
DON'T WE, MIKE?

GEE, I'LL  
SAY, RED.



# Jigger

STOP COMPLAININ',  
WILL YA? I'M  
HUNGRY  
TOO!

SOMEHOW OR OTHER  
I DONT SEEM TO FEEL  
AS BAD ABOUT YOU  
BEIN' HUNGRY!

FURTHERMORE, YOU **CAN'T** BE  
AS HUNGRY AS I AM--LOOK AT THE WAY  
MY RIBS ARE STICKIN'  
OUT!

THAT'S  
**GOOD!**

**GOOD? WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?**

ER-- YOU LOOK  
LIKE A--ER--  
**RACING DOG! A  
GREYHOUND!**

HMM-- I GUESS  
I DO, AT THAT!

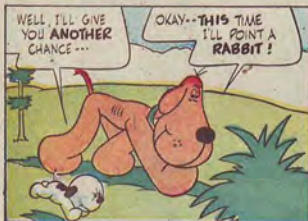
THEY TELL ME MY  
GRANDFATHER  
LOOKED SOMETHING  
LIKE A  
**GREYHOUND!**

**C'MON, JIGGER! LET'S HAVE A  
RACE!**

?

AW, NEVER MIND! WHAT'S  
THE SENSE OF RUNNIN'  
AROUND ON-A HOT  
DAY LIKE THIS?







WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODDY TELL ME THAT RABBITS COULD FIGHT LIKE THAT?



LISTEN THAT WAS A CAT, PAL! YOU POINTED A CAT!

GOSH! I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT IT!



LET'S GO--- THIS TIME IT'S GONNA BE A RABBIT!

I HOPE SO!



HEY! I'M POINTIN' AGAIN!



I'LL GET 'EM!

HEY, WAIT! NOT THAT WAY!



WELL, WHICH WAY?

BEHIND ME! WHERE I'M POINTIN' WITH MY LEG!



SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?

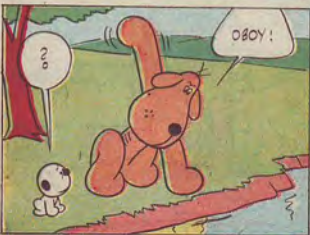
I'M NOT GONNA POINT HEAD FIRST-- NOT AFTER WHAT THAT CAT DID TO ME!



AREN'T YOU GONNA GO AFTER HIM?

AW, NEVER MIND-- YOU'RE HOPELESS!







MISSED HIM, DOGGONE IT!



THERE HE IS AGAIN!



SLASH!



I DIDN'T SEE ANY FISH!

MISSED HIM AGAIN -- WELL -- MAYBE HE'LL COME BACK!



SURE! LOOK! THERE HE IS AGAIN!

HEY, WAIT!



SLASH!



LISTEN, YA DOPE!

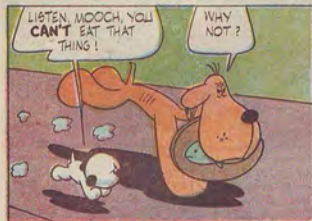
MISSED AGAIN!



THAT'S YOUR REFLECTION DOWN THERE!

ME? GOSH, SO IT IS -- I SHOULD'VE KNOWN A FISH COULDN'T BE THAT HANDSOME!





# ALBERT

and

# POGO

NO TWO WAYS  
'BOUT IT, ALBERT,  
LIVIN' IN DE  
SWAMP IS  
PARADISE  
EENOW.

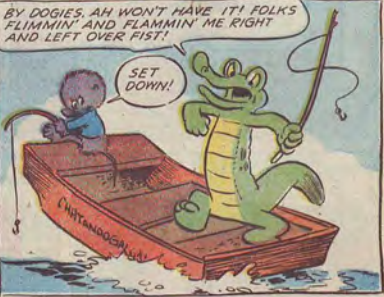
WHO DISH YERE  
PAIR O' DICE  
EENOW?



'MINDS ME OF A RIVER BOAT  
CHARACTER NAME OF PINOCHLE  
NOONAN... DAT BOY OWE ME  
A STOVE-IN HAT HE BORRY  
FO' HIS LIL' BOYS WEDDIN'!

BY DOGIES, AH WON'T HAVE IT! FOLKS  
FLIMMIN' AND FLAMMIN' ME RIGHT  
AND LEFT OVER FIST!

SET  
DOWN!



YOU! YOU WIF YOU BIG  
TALK 'BOUT PAIR O' DICE  
EENOW-WHO DAT BOY?  
HE SOUND LIKE  
ANOTHER NO-GOOD!

DAT WAS JES' A QUOTE  
F'UM DE RUBY-EYES OF  
HOMER KAYAK! YOUR  
LACK OF BREEDIN' IS  
CORN-SIDERABLE AMAZIN'  
MISTUH ALBERT!



OH, AH DUNNO, MISTUH  
POSSUM-AH BETS AH  
JES' AS REE-FINED,  
EDUCATED, AND  
HANDSOME AS  
DE NEXT!

AS DE NEXT  
WHUT? DE NEXT  
STREET CAR?



WUPPY! AH GOT  
A BITE-IN FACK!  
AH GOT A FISH!



HEY, BIRD!  
YOU STEALIN'  
MA FISH!



LOOKY DERE! DAT BIRD  
DONE COLLAPSE!



WHY, DAT PORE BIRD  
WAS SO HONGRY HE  
DONE FAINTED!

DE PORE FING MUS  
BE NEAR DEATH -  
US BETTER TAKE  
HIM HOME AN' MAKE  
HIM A PAIL O' SOUP



AH'LL RESH AHAI'D CLEARIN'  
DE WAY AN' FREE-PARIN' FO'  
DE STRICKEN MAN!

GOOD-AH'LL  
BRING DE  
CASUALTY  
IN GENTLE  
AN' KEERFUL.



GANGWAY, GANGWAY-LOOK OUT  
FO' DE GOOD SAMARITANS-US  
GOT A PO' UNFOTUNATE BIRD-  
CLEAR DE WAY!



CLEAR DE WAY!

WHUFFO?



NEMMINE WHUFFO! DE VOICE OF  
AUTHORITY SAY "CLEAR" AN YOU  
JES' CLEARS!

YASSUH



AH CLEARIN' DE WAY FO' POGO  
IF YO' MUS' KNOW- GANGWAY!

POGO!



YEOWP!

DAT FO' YO'  
HIGHHANDED  
WAYS!



WHUT DE MATTER WIF YO'-?  
YO' XNER-FEARIN' WIF MA  
RESCUE OF DE PO' BIRD.

AH IS  
REVENGIN'  
MASELF...



AH GOT SHOVED  
'ROUND BY ALBERT  
ON ACCOUNT  
OF YO'!

BUT YO' IS DISABLE A  
GOOD SAMARITAN—NOW  
DE BIRD DOESN'T GIT HIS  
SQUARE MEAL AND ALL  
DE COMFORTS OF HOME!



YES,  
AH DO!

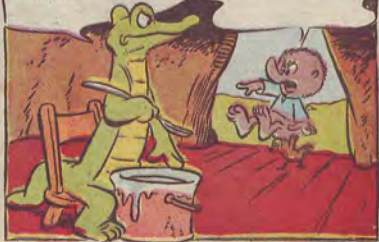
DIS SOUP GONE CURE DAT  
BIRD OR AH'LL KNOW DE  
REASON WHY!



MMM! PERTY  
GOOD!

FO' SHAME! YO' IS LETTIN'  
DE INVALID CARRY YO'!  
WHUT KIND OF A RESCUE  
IS DAT?

FO' SHAME YO'SELF—  
YO' IS EATIN' UP DE  
PO' BIRD'S SOUP!





SHO' NUFF! IT'S DEE-LISHUS!



DAT'S DE  
FINAL STRAW!  
YO' DOESN'T  
PLAY CRICKET!

IT SO HAPPEN AH HEERD YO'  
DISCUSSION ABOUT BEIN'  
REE-FINED... AN' IT SO HAPPEN  
AH IS A ENGLISH SPARROW—  
ONE OF DE MOST HIGH-TONE  
BIRDS IN DE BUSINESS



HERE, BIRD, SOOFLE UP A  
LITTLE OF DIS—IT'S A LITTLE  
MUDDY BUT DAT'S GOOD  
FO' YOU.



MMMP!

IF YO' WANTS TO BE MO' REE-  
FINED AH KIN TEACH YO', FO'  
A FEE, OF CO'SE, SOON AS  
YO' FINISH RESCUIN' ME.



YO' SHOULD IMPROVE  
YO' MANNERS—PLAY  
CRICKET—DRINK TEA—  
LIF' DE PINKY WHEN  
YO' HOLDS DE CUP



DOAN USE  
UP ALL YO'  
STRENF!



GLOOP!

DERE HE GO AGAIN.

DE SOUP DOAN SEEM TO BE GIVIN' HIM DE STRENF HE NEED.

DAT'S FUNNY—AH PUT PLENNY OF STRONG FINGS IN DERE—AH FEELS A STRONG OL' SHOE, A PLUG OF ADAMS EATIN' TOBACCR, A STRONG DASH OF KEROSINE, FO' OR FIVE BIG ROCKS, A PIECE OF—



BY JINGY AH B'LEEV DISH YERE BIRD IS A FAKIN' HERE, EAT UP SOME SOUP—IT'S BOUND TO MAKE YOU GIT PERKY.

KEERFUL! YO' KIN KILL HIM WIF KINDNESS, TOO, YO' KNOWS!



**HALP**

DE MAN DONE SOUPIN' ME TO DEATH!

FUNNY HE DOAN LIKE IT—MA AUNT CONCERTINA LEF' ME DAT RECIPE IN HER WILL—IT'S A LEGACY.

MMURPMF!?

**WOOF!** NOW AH KNOWS WHUT KILL YO' AUNT CONCERTINA!

YO' MEANS IT AIN'T DEE-LICORICE?





SINCE YO' BOYS BUST IN UNEXPECTED YO' GOTTA TAKE POTLUCK —HAVE SOME SOUR

IS DAT YO' AUNT CONCERTINA'S FAMOUS RECIPE?



EAT HEARTY, MENS, DEY IS MO' IF YO' WANTS, AN' AH KNOWS YO' WILL.



IT AIN'T CRICKET TO MAKE US EAT DISH YERE DEE-LISHUS DISH-WATER.

WHY, OWL! DOES YO' KNOW HOW TO PLAY CRICKET? DE ENGLISH SPARRER SAY IT'S A MOUGHTY REE-FINED GAME WHUT US OUGHT TO PLAY.

NATURAL! ALL OF US WELL-TRAVELED 'FOLKS IS KNOW HOW TO PLAY CRICKET



COME WHF US—WE TWO OF DE WORL'D'S BEST CRICKET PLAYERS IN DE SWAMP.

AH IS A TRIPLE FRET MAN.



LOOKY! DERE'S CLEM DE CRICKET NOW. HE SHOULD BE A EXPERK AT DISH GAME.

BEHOLE HOW HE HOP!



LOOKY! AH BETCHA AH KIN  
PLAY CRICKET WIFOUT  
LESSONS.

GOOD BOY, ALBERT!  
DAT SHOW YO' IS  
REE-FINED.

NUFFIN' TO IT!  
WE IS GOOD  
CRICKET PLAYERS!

MAN! US GETTIN'  
REE-FINED HANOVER  
FOOTS!

NO, NO,  
NO!

WHUT YO' MEANS "NO"? US  
PROGRESSIN' BY LEAPS  
AN' BOUNCE.

YO' IS  
JELLIES!

NOSSIR!

GENTMINTS, DE GAME OF CRICKET IS PLAY  
BY DE HIGH TYPE FOLKS SINCE TIME  
IMMEMMERISL... ALLUS DEY PLAYS IT  
WIF A BAT AN' BALL—ALMOST  
LIKE BASEBALL

AH BEARS HIM  
OUT—AH IS HIS  
ACCOMPLICE

MAN! DEY FROWS DE BALL! DE MAN  
KLUNK IT WIF DE BAT—SOMEBODY TRY  
TO CATCH IT—DE FOLKS ALL HOLLER—  
DE COPS GIT INTO DE GAME!

DEN DEY  
SERVES  
TEA.

LISSEN, MISTUH HOWLAN' OWL, AH  
KNOWS CLEM DE CRICKET FO' THREE  
YEAR—IN ALL DAT TIME HE NEVER DO  
NUFFIN' LIKE DAT—HE DONT EVEN  
LIKE TEA...

SO  
WHUT?!

SO AH B'LEEVE POGO AN' ME IS BETTER  
CRICKET PLAYERS  
DAN YOU!

SNIP!

DAT'S A BALL  
FACED LIE!

YO' NEVER SEE CLEM LEAPIN' AROUND  
WIF A BALL BAT OR A BALL—HE  
JES' HOP QUIET AN' WIFOUT  
ALL DAT FUSS.

BUT YO' MUS'  
PLAY CRICKET WIF  
DE BAT 'AND BALL.

NOW OBSERVE HOW GOOD US  
PLAYS CRICKET, ON ACCOUNT  
OF AH HOPS FASTER AN'LL  
GIVE POGO A HAID START.

YO' NEEDS A BALL AN'  
BAT! AH INSISKS!

AN' AH INSISKS WE DOESN'T  
NEED A BALL AN' BAT.

HMMM...

BUT WE INSISK!

NOW ISN'T DAT NICE? DEY  
FINALLY MUST OF SEED  
EYE TO EYE AN'  
TOOF TO TOOF—  
AN' DEY PLAYIN'  
CRICKET TOGETHER!

# Chuckwagon Charley's Tales



THE STARVATION TWINS!  
I RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO  
WAIT TILL THE BOYS  
RIDE IN.

HI, CHARLEY,  
IS SUPPER  
COOKED?



WHILE WE'RE WAITING,  
CHARLIE, WON'T YOU  
TELL US ABOUT RED  
FLAME, THE WILD  
HORSE KING?

HHMMMM

RED FLAME--THE HOGS THAT NO  
MAN EVER RODE? WELL--I RECKON  
THE TRUTH ABOUT  
HIM IS A LOT  
STRANGER THAN  
ANYTHING YOU  
EVER READ IN  
A BOOK.



BUCKAROOB OF THE OWYHEE  
RIMROCK ARE STILL TALKIN' OF  
RED FLAME'S WILD, BLACK SIRE--



AND OF THE \$3000 PALMINDO  
MARE THAT LEAPED  
A SIX FOOT HIGH  
C'REAL TO RUN  
AWAY WITH HIM.



ED BANKS, THE MARE'S OWNER, CAUGHT ONE GLIMPSE OF THEM, RUNNIN' NECK-AND-NECK.



ED WAS PLENTY MAD AND SWORE HE'D SPARE NEITHER MEN NOR MONEY TO CATCH 'EM-- BUT WINTER CAME QUICK THAT YEAR, AND ED WAS PLUMB BUSY KEEPIN' HIS STOCK ALIVE.



SOME OF THE WILD HOSSES STARVED AND FROZE IN THE BLIZZARDS; BUT, COME SPRING, THE PALOMINO MARE WAS PLANNIN' FOR HER YOUNG ONE.



SHE'D FOUND WHAT LOOKED TO BE A CAVE IN THE RIMROCK---



--- BUT THE CAVE HAD A BACK DOOR! AND BEYOND THAT WAS A SMALL, SHELTERED VALLEY.

THERE THE GRASS WAS STARTING TO TURN GREEN, BESIDE A YEAR-ROUND SPRING OF SWEET WATER.







BY THAT BUBBLING SPRING RED FLAME WAS BORN--AND MIGHTY PROUD HIS MOTHER WAS OF HIM!



HIS COAT WAS DARK AT FIRST-- AND HIS LEGS WERE WOBBLY-- AND HIS FIRST LOOK AT HISSELF SCARED HIM MOST TO DEATH.



TWO WEEKS OF THAT RICH GRASS BROUGHT BACK THE MARE'S STRENGTH AND MADE HER BABY PLUMB SASSY.



SHE FELT IT WAS ABOUT TIME TO JOIN THE BLACK HORSE'S HERD AGAIN.



THAT SAME MONTH ED BANKS MOVED HIS BUCKAROOS OUT INTO THE BRACKS AND STARTED MAP- PING A BIG HORSE HUNT.

HIS RIDERS JUMPED HALF A DOZEN WILD BUNCHES BEFORE THEY GOT SIGHT OF THE BIG BLACK'S HERD.





SOME OF THE SPRING COLTS DROPPED BEHIND — BUT NOT RED FLAME.



NIGHT AND DAY ED BANK'S BUCKAROOS KEPT THE WILD OREANAS ON THE MOVE.



WITH MIGHTY LITTLE TIME TO EAT OR EVEN DRINK, ONLY THE STRONGEST AND WILDEST HELD OUT.



THE REST OF 'EM STARVED AND RUN DOWN, WERE HAZED BACK TO ED'S MAIN CAMP.



AT LAST ONLY RED FLAME, THE BLACK LEADER, AND THE PALOMINO MARE WERE LEFT TO FIGHT THE HOSS HUNTER'S NET.



WHEN THE CLOSING CIRCLE OF GRAIN-FED HOSSES FINALLY SQUEEZED THOSE THREE INTO A BOX CANYON TRAP-----



ED BANKS FLUNG HIS HAT IN THE AIR AND HOWLED LIKE A WOLF.



"WE'VE GOT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF HOSSE-FLESH C'RALLED, BOYS," HE SAID. "BRING A FENCE TO CLOSE THIS GAP, BEFORE WE ROPE THE THREE OF 'EM."



ED'S FENCE WENT UP QUICK -- TWO BOLTS OF CANVAS OVER EIGHT FOOT IRON POSTS.



ED'S EYES FAIRLY POPPED WHEN HE GOT A CLOSE LOOK AT THE RED CHESTNUT COLT WITH THE CREAMY MANE AND TAIL.



"HIS HIDE IS LIKE A RED FLAME!" BANKS WHOOPED. "HE'S WORTH BOTH THE OTHERS--DON'T LET HIM GET HURT!"



THE NEXT MOMENT, ED WAS LOOKIN' DEATH SQUARE IN THE FACE.



THE WILD HERD'S LEADER STRUCK ED'S HORN LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, KNOCKED HIM CLEAN OFF HIS FEET.



THE TWO NEAREST RIDERS TRIED TO ROPE THE BLACK AS HE PASSED--BUT THEY WEREN'T QUICK ENOUGH.



ED BANKS GOT UP WITH A BUSTED LEG. "GET THAT HORN, HE YELLED TO HIS MEN. "THE FENCE WON'T HOLD HIM LONG."



ED WAS RIGHT, THE FENCE COULDN'T STOP THAT WILD OREANA--BUT IT SLOWED HIM JUST ENOUGH FOR PETE WIGGINS' ROPE.



ONLY THE QUICKEST WORK SAVED PETE'S BACON. THAT OREANA WAS BATTLE, MURDER, AND SUDDEN DEATH ROLLED INTO ONE.



A LOOP CAUGHT HIS FORELEG AND SENT HIM END-OVER-END AMONG THE ROCKS.



HE NEVER MOVED AFTER THAT-- A SHARP ROCK HAD SPLIT HIS SKULL AS HE LANDED.



THE MARE GAVE UP THE MINUTE SHE FELT THE ROPE ON HER.

BUT WHEN THEY LOOKED FOR RED FLAME THE COLT WAS CLIMBING THE CANYON WALL LIKE A GOAT.



HE'D SPOTTED A HOLE, NO MORE THAN THREE FEET HIGH, ABOUT TWENTY FEET UP FROM THE GROUND-- AND SOMEHOW, HE MADE IT.



THERE WAS NO ROOM TO STRAIGHTEN HIS LONG LEGS--  
SO HE DOUBLED 'EM UP AND CRAWLED.



AFTER TWO OR THREE TRIES, PETE  
WIGGINS GOT UP THERE-- BUT  
HE COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES.



THAT HOLE WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH  
TO DAYLIGHT--AND WAS AS EMPTY  
AS A RIFLE BARREL!



SOMEWHERE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF IT THE  
RED COLT WAS SNEAKIN'  
AWAY AMONG THE OUT-  
CROPPING ROCKS, AS  
CLEVER AS A COYOTE--  
AND TWICE AS SHY.



GRUB PI-I-ILE!  
HERE COME THE BOYS!

BUT, CHARLIE--  
DIDN'T ANYBODY  
EVER CATCH AND  
OWN RED FLAME?



RED FLAME STILL ROAMS  
THE RIMROCK OF THESE  
OWYHEE BRAKES-- AND  
ONLY ONE HUMAN BEIN'  
EVER WON HIS FRIENDSHIP--  
BUT THAT, KIDS, IS  
ANOTHER STORY.

# NIBS

## A LITTLE DEER of the ADIRONDACKS

by Don Lang

Drawings by  
M. Gollub

Old Jim—Jim Barkley, his name was—was wandering about through the forest in the Adirondacks one day with his dog, Rip. Rip was a fine deerhound. He would sooner go deer hunting than go snooping around the neighbors' back porches, upsetting their garbage cans every time he had a chance.

So they were just wandering about, enjoying the woods together and loafing along, when all at once Jim spied something lying at the foot of a big oak tree. At first it puzzled him. From where he was standing, he couldn't make out just what the thing was. So he caught hold of Rip and very, very cautiously they crept up on it. And they soon discovered what it was. It was a deer—a fawn just a few days old.

When it saw Jim and the dog coming, it commenced to struggle, frantically trying to get away. But it couldn't get up. Its right leg dangled, useless. Broken! After a second or two, it just gave up the struggle and lay there, looking up at the pair of them.

Those great big brown misty eyes, so frightened, looking up at him pleading with him so, touched him clear to the heart. He commenced figuring to himself what to do about it. He knew if he left it there and went on about his business, it would die for sure. He couldn't leave it. That was out of the question. So, Jim just gathered the little thing up in his arms, as gently as he could, stuck it under his coat and carried it on back home with him.



Then, when Jim got home, it was a picnic. Between the whole family of them, a mother and two children, they managed, somehow or other, to get the broken leg wrapped up with splints. Then they fixed the little fawn nice and comfortable in a basket by the fire in the kitchen and taught it to drink milk from a bottle. That was the start of Nibs, the little orphan deer of the Adirondacks.

It wasn't long before the little rascal was galloping around the house as good as new, making a general nuisance of himself. He was always up to some mischief, chewing up things worse than a puppy. As a matter of fact, things got so bad, Jim figured something would have to be done about it. Either he and the family would have to move out or else the deer would. The house wasn't big enough for all of them. So naturally, Jim put Nibs out, turned him loose to go on about his

Business up in the woods.

But Nibs had something to say about that. Jim's home was his home, the only home he knew, and he wasn't going to leave it—not if he could help it, he wasn't. The forest held no charms for him. He knew nothing about the ways of the wild and, what is more, he didn't want to. All he knew was that he loved people. He loved to tear around and play with children and especially he loved that old hound dog, Rip. The two of them were always together. No matter where the hound would go—visiting around from place to place in the village, taking care of his garbage route and calling on friends, Nibs was always with him, tagging along like a shadow. There was a great friendship! A deer and a deerhound!

And not only that, it even got so that whenever Nibs saw anyone coming past the house, he would dash out to meet them and escort them up the road a way, nosing into their hands, begging for something good. He was a character, that little deer was, and everybody up there knew him and loved him and usually had a lump of sugar or an apple or something ready for him when he came around.

But, finally, all that business bothered Jim. The deer was so friendly with everybody and he was chasing out in the road so much that Jim was afraid something would happen to him. He might easily get run over. So Jim went to work and fenced in a big yard and made Nibs stay there.

Then one day a stranger came to town. It was the game warden! He had heard all about the famous Nibs and he came to warn Jim that it was against the law to keep a deer in captivity. He would have to get rid of it or else be locked up. Now that didn't seem

just right to Jim, but he knew a law was a law no matter what he thought about it, so he hustled Nibs off to the forest and turned him loose.

The next morning, the very first thing when Jim came down and opened the kitchen door, there was Nibs, all curled up on the back porch with Rip.

So Jim tried it again, but it didn't do any good. The little rascal was back home as fast as he was turned loose, almost. After that, Jim decided that he wasn't going to spend all his time fooling around trying to make a deer stay away from his home. So he just gave up trying, didn't pay any more attention to the deer, and went on about his business.

And so the summer went by. Nibs grew a fine set of antlers—his first! And he was as proud and boastful of them as a boy is of a new jackknife.

The chill gray days of November came along. The frost hit the thorn apples and they were gone.

Then came another visit from the game warden. When he saw Nibs still around the place, he was mad. But, instead of locking Jim up, he packed Nibs into his automobile and drove away with him. For miles and miles he drove, until finally he came to a dense part of the forest, way up there in the mountains. There he turned Nibs loose and left him.

Now Nibs didn't mind that! Not a bit of it! He thought it was great sport to be out there like that. He was grazing away on grass and leaves and things, having the time of his life, when he happened to look up and there, standing eying him, very suspiciously, were a couple of other deer.







Old Nibs was delighted at the idea of these new friends so he started over to join them and get acquainted. But they edged away from him—scorned him—wouldn't have a thing to do with him. They knew he was a stranger to the forest. And just then, without any ceremony, they turned on poor Nibs. They stomped their feet and lowered their heads and started in to attack him. He couldn't understand all that, Nibs couldn't. It frightened him. So he decided to go home as fast as its slender legs would carry him.

Night began to fall. It got pitch dark and Nibs didn't know where he was. But on and on he ran. Every once in a while, he'd stop, throw his head up, sniff the cold frosty air, trying for that sense of direction that would lead him home. But it didn't come to him. Not this time. He was really lost—lost in the forest.

Pretty soon, the big round harvest moon showed itself, and immediately the whole forest became alive with the strangest shapes and noises. All around him, in every direction, he heard the ghostly chatter and call of the big owls as they cracked their bills and hooted back and forth at each other from the tallest trees. And the faster Nibs ran, the closer they sounded to him.

Just then, he ran plumb up on something. He never did know what that was. It growled and snarled at him as he raced by. On every side, he heard the high-pitched squeaky barking of the red foxes, as they joked and played games together in the moonlight. The whole forest seemed to be alive with wailing, crying things, cutting off his every chance of escape.

Everything was after him, he figured. Everything knew he was a stranger to the forest and was trying to stop him. But on he ran, that poor frightened deer, frantically trying to get home.

On and on, through the night he ran. Then pretty soon, the first thing he knew, here it was the crack of day. The sun was coming up and all around the trees were alive with the happy chattering of birds and squirrels.

Just then, Nibs perked up. His nose was fanned by a familiar scent. He recognized it instantly. It was the friendly scent of human beings.

A little further on, he heard voices. He stopped, pricked his ears forward, listened! Then peering through the underbrush he saw three men standing some distance in front of him. Each wore a brilliant red cap and carried a bright shiny stick. They were hunters out for the first day's sport.

With a bound of joy at the sight of human beings, Nibs leaped from the bushes and dashed toward them. Bang! Bang! A stinging, burning jolt stopped Nibs short, hurled him up in the air, then crashed him to the ground.

Dozed and puzzled, he lay there, and a terrible pain came over him. Then he saw these new enemies sneaking up on him. He tried his best to get to his feet. He struggled and struggled. He made it and started off through the forest again. There was a shout! But Nibs ran on.

Then gradually he got weaker and weaker. He wanted to stop and rest. He wanted water. He was so thirsty and so tired. But on every side, he could hear that one call, Home! Home! It never let up. It kept on urging, coaxing, pleading.

Then, all of a sudden, he stumbled out into a clearing—a village. It was his own village, quiet and peaceful. And there was Rip, waiting for him. All night long, Rip had hunted for him. Rip had tried his best to pick up the trail but couldn't. So he had waited right there at the edge of the village. With barks of joy, he dashed up to Nibs, fussed over him and sniffed at him. Then sadly Rip fell in behind as if he understood what had happened.

Down the road Nibs dragged, through the town, past his old familiar haunts, on down to the yard, the yard he knew, the place he loved. Then slowly he staggered, getting weaker, around the corner of the house to the back door and sank exhausted on the porch. He was home.

The dying deer lay there, contented at last, while over him stood Rip, his faithful old dog friend, his head thrown back, mournfully howling. A hound's farewell!

# UNCLE WIGGILY



JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE, THE DUCK BOY, WOULD LIKE THIS, SAMMIE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, SUSIE - HE'S A GREAT SHOVELER... I WONDER WHERE HE IS TODAY?

COOR. IWT BY HOWARD R. GARS



NURSE JANE FUZZY-WUZZY, HAVE YOU SEEN MY BOY JIMMIE THIS MORNING? TELL ME, QUICK!



NO, MRS. WIBBLE-WOBBLE, WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM... IS ANYTHING THE MATTER?

I'M AFRAID HE'S RUN AWAY... HUC-QUACK, HUC-QUACK, BECAUSE I SAID I'D SPANK HIM -- HUC-QUAAAAACK!



UNCLE WIGGILY -- WAKE UP!

OW!  
OW!



JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE HAS RUN AWAY! HURRY AND GET ON YOUR CLOTHES SO YOU CAN FIND HIM.

HUC-QUAAAAACK!

JIMMIE -- RAN AWAY! MY WORD!



HEH, HEH!

JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE WON'T RUN VERY FAST OR VERY FAR... HE ISN'T BUILT FOR IT -- EH, BUGGSY?

WELL, I DON'T MIND A LITTLE WALK THIS MORNING -- THAT SANDBATH TOOK AWAY MY RHEUMATISM...



NOW, LET ME SEE... WHERE WOULD ANYBODY RUN A WAY TO, FROM THE SEA-SHORE?



HERE IT-- COMES!



WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE THE CART AND GO FOR HELP?



AS A TOKEN OF MY GRATITUDE, UNCLE WIGGILY, PLEASE ACCEPT THESE THREE BOXES OF PAPER PILLS.



PILLS?

YES-- THEY MAY HELP YOU OUT OF A SCRAPE SOMETIME -- JUST THROW ONE INTO SOME WATER THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.



'BYE, UNCLE WIGGILY, I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?





FACES AND FLOWERS AND BOATS? WHAT QUEER LABELS FOR PILL BOXES! IT'S PROBABLY JUST A MONKEY-TRICK.

BETTER KEEP 'EM ANYWAY.



DEAR ME! I QUITE FORGOT TO ASK IF HE'D SEEN ANYTHING OF JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE...



A SPRING! AND I'M SIMPLY DYING UP WITH THIRST.



LET'S TRY ONE OF THOSE PAPER PILLS THE MONKEY GAVE YOU, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS.



MY WORD! A BAD FOX--AND HE LOOKS AWFULLY HUNGRY!



I AM HUNGRY--HUNGRY ENOUGH TO EAT EVEN A TOUGH OLD RABBIT LIKE YOU--JUST AS YOU ARE.

YOU--YOU'D BETTER NOT! YOU'LL BE SORRY I WARN YOU--

**EEYOWWWW!**



MY WORD! WHAT DID THAT DO TO HIM?

LOOK BEHIND YOU, UNCLE WIGGILY!



**EEEE!** A BEAR!



WHY--ER--IT'S MADE OF PAPER... BUT WHERE'D IT COME FROM, BUGGY?

TEE-HEE/ CAN'T YOU GUESS?



IT GREW OUT OF ONE OF THE MONKEY'S PAPER PILLS THAT I THREW INTO THE WATER...

AW, AW!



THAT RED MONKEY IS A CLEVER CHAP. I'M BURE HE COULD HAVE HELPED US FIND JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE.



JIMMIE COULD HAVE CROSSED THIS RIVER-- I WISH THERE WERE SOMEBODY WE COULD ASK.





HELLO, UNCLE WIGGLY!  
WERE YOU LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING?

OH! A  
SKILLERY-  
SCALLERY  
ALLIGATOR!



IT WILL TAKE MORE  
THAN ONE PILL  
TO GET US OUT  
OF THIS JAM!



I--ER-- WAS LOOKING FOR JIMMIE WIBBLE--  
WOBBLE, THE DUCK BOY ---ER-- I DON'T  
SUPPOSE YOU --

--ATE HIM? NO, UNCLE  
WIGGLY, FIRST COME, FIRST  
SERVED...



...SO I'LL BEGIN ON YOU!



ULP? WHERE  
DID THOSE  
COME FROM?



JUST SOME MORE OF THOSE  
PILLS, UNCLE WIGGLY.

WONDERFUL!  
BLESS THAT  
RED MONKEY!



WHY, JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? HIDING BEHIND A ROCK, UNCLE WIGGILY--





I'LL THROW THE BIGGEST PILL INTO THE WATER...



...AND SEE WHAT GROWS OUT OF IT. I HOPE IT'S A SAILBOAT.



HURRAAAAAY! OH, BOY! ALL FROM ONE LITTLE PAPER PILL!



JUMP IN, JIMMIE, BEFORE SHE DRIFTS AWAY--HURRY!



HOW'S YOUR APPETITE?

GOOBYE, SKILLERY-SCALLERY ALLIGATOR!



THESE PILLS ARE TOO VALUABLE TO TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH... I'LL BUTTON THEM SAFE INTO MY WATERPROOF POCKET.



BUTTON ME IN, TOO-- I DON'T TRUST THIS PAPER BOAT.

NONSENSE, BUGGY! THIS CRAFT IS ENTIRELY 'SEA-WORTHY.



LOOK-- THOSE ARE OUR COTTAGES, JIMMIE!



AND THERE'S MOM AND NURSE JANE-- THEY SEE US!



I KNEW IT-- AND I CAN'T SWIM!



LOOK OUT, UNCLE WIGGILY!

OH, MY! A BIG COMBER--!





DON'T WORRY, LADIES! A LITTLE WETTING WON'T HURT US.



JIMMIE WIBBLE-WOBBLE! I HAVE A MIND TO SPANK YOU FOR MAKING ME WORRY SO.

GIVE ME THAT WET COAT--QUICK, WIGGLY LONGEARS!



WIGGLY, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF THAT STORY.

HO, HO! SO YOU DON'T THINK I EVER MET A RED MONKEY----



...OR THAT A LITTLE PAPER PILL COULD TURN INTO A BEAK OR A SAILBOAT? WE'LL WATCH THIS!

STUFF AND NONSENSE!



WHAT DO YOU SEE THERE, NURGE JANE?

IT'S GROW-- NO I WON'T BELIEVE IT



EEEEEE

DEAR ME! PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE BROKEN IT TO HER GENTLY.




HELLO, FOLKS! COULD I INTEREST YOU IN SOME PRETTY PARLOR TRICKS--?

NO! I'VE BEEN TOO MUCH OF YOU ALREADY!

# PHOTO ZOO

NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS





*The alligator  
snaps in vain  
his jaws.  
The monkey  
daisy chain  
above him  
sways and teases.*

*The alligator  
snaps  
his jaws  
once more,  
but then  
he ceases.*